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Mystic and Radical
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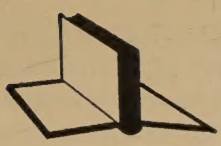

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The Ethical Ideas of Albert Schweitzer

Thomas H. Billings

My interest in the thought of Albert Schweitzer was due in the first place to my interest in the man. Like Mahatma Gandhi, he incarnates the religion of a multitude of his contemporaries. Schweitzer, however, is of the West as Gandhi is of India, and he touches a more responsive chord in most of us than Gandhi can ever do. Appealing as Gandhi is, he will always seem fantastic to Westerners. His abstinences and austerities and silences give a touch to his piety that is as alien as his loin cloth. Schweitzer, on the other hand, is a saint whom we can understand. He incarnates the conscience of the West and our Western aspiration. He is a scientist, a scholar, an artist, and, above all, a servant of mankind. His abstinences and renunciations are never emphasized. They consist in the laying aside of every weight that he may run with endurance the race that is set before him. This race is not for the prize of a prideful, world-despising perfection of personal life. Its reward is found in the conscious fellowship with all living things, and especially with men and women who, but for him, are inarticulate and helpless. He has found his life by throwing it away in the service of man. It is not necessary to describe what this service has been. It is rare indeed for a man to give significant literary expression to so wide a variety of interests, or to win distinction in so many fields. His work as physician, surgeon, hospital director, and community head in Africa parallels the work of Grenfell in Labrador. His insight into the dominance of the apocalyptic faith in the thinking of Jesus and of Paul has thrown a flood of light on New Testament literature and theology. His organ concerts throughout Europe are described as triumphal tours. His two-volume work on Bach is regarded by musicians as a masterpiece of interpretation, "a work that is at once scholarly

and sensitive.'' All of this many-sided activity is shot through with an evangelical fervor, a passionate eagerness to obey to the utmost the spirit which he believes comes forth from Jesus and urges mankind to their most complete individual and collective development. It is as a part of his contribution to the development of the West toward this goal that he is publishing the results of his reading and thinking on the problems of civilization and of ethics. Two volumes of the series have appeared and two more have been planned. The first is ''The Decay and the Restoration of Civilization''; the second is the much larger work called ''Civilization and Ethics.'' Both were published in 1923, but were projected long before. He tells us that he has been at work on the subject since 1900. We have here, then, the result of a long period of thinking and working.

There is a sense of urgency in these books of Schweitzer's. He believes that we are witnessing the decay of civilization. In his analysis of the ills that afflict us, he draws attention to factors that lie deep. Superficial remedies, he thinks, will do no good. We suffer from a disease of the soul. We have identified civilization with material progress, with the control of reason over the forces of nature, and the establishment for all of as favorable conditions of living as possible. This is valuable as far as it goes, but it is only a step toward the achievement of the ultimate object of civilization, the control of reason over the dispositions of men, the moral and spiritual perfecting of individuals. Since its chief concern is with the inward and spiritual, civilization, he believes, can neither be established nor maintained apart from philosophy. By philosophy, he means the reasoned ideas which reflection upon reality brings into existence. He is scornful of the academic philosophy that has become a stranger to the world and to the problems which occupy ordinary men. ''The value of any philosophy,'' he says, ''is in the last resort to be measured by its capacity, or incapacity, to transform itself into a living philosophy of the people.'' He is convinced that whatever is deep is also simple and can be produced as such. The vocation of philosophy, then, is to deal with the questions about

which the crowd are thinking or ought to think, to apply to them more thorough methods of thought, and so to become the guide and guardian of the general reason. The decay of our civilization is a decay of popular thought. The ideas which, in preceding periods, gave order and coherence to the world and support for moral living have had to be abandoned under the assaults of science. When reasoned ideas disappear, our mental life does not go on in a vacuum. The control passes to those opinions and feelings which have hitherto been ruled and kept under by our reasoned ideas. The decay of philosophy means the decay of civilization.

The decay of thought in our civilization has been helped by economic and social forces. Freedom and the capacity for thought have been diminished. Independent farmers and artisans have largely disappeared and their place has been taken by factory hands and other employees. The pressure of work and of anxiety robs them of the mental collectedness and self-control that are necessary to self-cultivation or to serious intercourse with their fellows. In their leisure time, they do not want to think. They want entertainment and diversion. As a result, Schweitzer thinks, they become more and more superficial. The tabloid newspaper, presenting superficial news in the way that is easiest to acquire, is an expression of the superficiality that he deplores. Specialization, he thinks, has also tended to hinder human development. The work that men do in the factories does not call for the whole power of thought and the whole personality. As a result, men become satisfied with a fragmentary ability, and are complacent in the face of their own ignorance and mental sloth. Specialization is a danger even in the professions. Education is carried on by teachers who have not a wide enough outlook to give their students any wide horizons. Another effect of the factory system has been that men are gathered in vast agglomerations. People meet each other continually and in the most varied relations, but have no time to know any individual or group of individuals in an intimate and personal way. As a result, men and women become dehumanized in our imagination before we are aware of it. They become no more than

mechanical objects. Their fate does not interest or concern us. A third result has been that the modern man is lost in the mass in a way that is without parallel in history. He is "susceptible, to an extent that is almost pathological, to the views which society and its organs of expression have put, ready made, into circulation." "Today it is the rule," he says, "and no one questions it, always to take account of the views which prevail in organized society. The individual starts by taking it for granted that, both for himself and his neighbours, there are certain views already established which they cannot hope to alter, views which are determined by nationality, creed, political party, social position, and other elements in one's surroundings. These views are protected by a kind of taboo, and are not only kept sacred from criticism, but are not a legitimate subject for conversation. This kind of intercourse, in which we mutually abjure our natural quality as human beings, is euphemistically described as respect for other people's convictions, as if there could be any convictions at all where there is no thought."

In spite of these difficulties, Schweitzer confidently believes that the average man has a capacity for thought which makes the creation of a reflective theory possible. This capacity must be roused to activity. Only so can civilization be rescued. A new public opinion must be created, the acceptance by the people of a theory of the universe and of man's duties and relations herein that is based on reason, a theory that is at once optimistic and ethical. If it is to dominate western civilization, the theory must correspond to our impulse to action and must justify this impulse. It must at the same time justify our pursuit of self-perfection.

In the second book of the series, Schweitzer presents what he calls the tragedy of the occidental world-view. It is obvious that our civilization with its impulse to action can be supported only by a world-view that recognizes the reality of the external world and the value of action in it. The Hindu idea that the world and life are illusion is fatal to action. The thinkers of the West have been searching for a world-view that will correspond to their impulse, but so far, in Schweitzer's

opinion, they have failed. I shall not attempt to deal with Schweitzer's summary of the ethical ideas that have been put forth in the West. It is to be expected that there should be inaccuracies and inadequacies in any such survey, and Schweitzer's is no exception. He has read Plato in haste and fails to grasp the principle of Plato's thought. "Plato's ethic," he says, "is a chaos; he himself a virtuoso of inconsequences." I found his treatment of Aristotle equally unsatisfactory. But the survey reveals Schweitzer's own mind, and it is this that we are here concerned with. I shall summarize his ideas.

In the first place, Schweitzer is convinced that in some way there are objectively material, ethical ends to be realized in the world. It is not enough that we are to cultivate our own souls and attain the right intellectual and spiritual attitude toward the universe. We are meant, he believes, to act upon the universe. Nature philosophy, such as that of Spinoza or Leibniz, provides no foundation for activist ethics. It leads, when logically thought out, as it was in Spinoza, to resignation and quietism, not to active work in and for the world. Ethics is emptied of half its content and becomes only the aspiration for self-perfection. The combination of ethical and epistemological idealism, as exemplified in the thought of Kant and Hegel, is, he says, only a roundabout way of arranging a relationship between ethics and nature philosophy. Any such arrangement, direct or indirect, is fatal to the ethics of activity. It is true that the optimistic world-view which filled and informed the rationalist movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the support of the extraordinary creative power which characterized the movement. It rested, however, on conclusions drawn from too narrow a range of observation and experience. It did not correspond to reality. Nature is not the beneficent and kindly mother that the rationalists believed her to be. But, while it is true that the reflective basis of rationalist ethics is untrue, the enthusiastic will to progress which animated the movement is the essential element in ethics. We of the West demand that somehow we shall have a reasoned justification for our refusal

to acquiesce in the ills of the world. We are in conflict with objective reality. In us, as Schweitzer puts it, the natural event comes into conflict with itself. The ills of our time are due to the fact that we are delivered up to the caprice of objective events in a mental atmosphere which is powerless, since it is void of true and ethical ideals of progress.

The true basis for ethics Schweitzer finds in the will-to-live which is innate in each of us. We do not need to seek any justification for the will-to-live. Here is a solid fact, given immediately in our consciousness, needing no demonstration. Descartes begins his system with a recognition of his own existence. "I think, therefore, I am." Schweitzer believes that honesty compels us to begin with "I am life, and I exist in the midst of life that wills to live." It is this will-to-live which has in reality shaped the world-view of European thinkers. It seemed to demand an optimistic view of the objective world and, accordingly, optimism was stubbornly proclaimed in the face of the facts. The will overpowered the intellect. Schweitzer refuses to blink at the facts, even when they seem to oppose our will-to-live. He does not find it possible to believe that there is any purposive element in the objective facts with which we are faced. Human life seems to be a mere insignificant and passing incident on this planet. We do not know what our own importance is from the point of view of the earth. How much less, then, are we able to estimate our own value or attempt to attribute to the eternal universe a meaning in which we ourselves are an end, or which is to be explained by reference to our existence. Moreover we have never succeeded in discovering any general, all-embracing purposiveness in the objective world. There are isolated purposes, it is true, but elsewhere nature shows herself senselessly destructive. We are really in complete ignorance with regard to the objective world. We stand, in fact, "enclosed by a ring of vociferous riddles." But we are not helpless or powerless in the face of these riddles, for there are convictions which appear in our minds as the result of an inner necessity, the knowledge, that is to say, derived from the will-to-live. While it is true that the ideas that constitute

this knowledge cannot be justified by intellectual reflection about the world and existence, they are nevertheless known and are to be trusted. From them, productive action flows, for the essential nature of the will-to-live is to live itself out, to strive toward its own perfection. We do not know how this impulse came to be in us, but it is there and it bears its own authority.

So far, the ethics of Schweitzer would seem to be only the one-sided ethics of self-perfection. The will-to-live could lend support to the ideas of Nietzsche. Ethical theory must, however, explain and justify self-sacrifice. The ethical systems of Europe have as a rule made shipwreck on this ideal. They make futile efforts to show that self-sacrifice is a rational proceeding. These efforts are doomed to failure. Self-sacrifice, which is manifested in activist ethics, has a firm footing in thought only when it is based in and grows out of mysticism. The mysticism of which Schweitzer speaks is "awe and reverence in the face of life itself." Life is everywhere. In delicate blossoms, in the manifold wondrous forms of the jellyfish, in a blade of grass, in the crystal; everywhere it strives to reach that perfection which is implicit in its own nature. "Imaginative power, determined by ideals, is at work in all that is." The foundation of all being is this eternal, unoriginated forward-pushing will. When we consciously give ourselves to this universal will-to-live, we are raised above all intellectual knowledge of eternal objects and we are, so to speak, conscious of them from within. The very meaning of our existence is seen to be the furtherance of the will-to-live wherever it is manifested. Our will-to-live becomes blended with the will-to-live which is without ourselves. When we have reached this experience, we act, even if happiness and success are denied to us, and in that action, or rather in the expression in it of our reverence for life, we find a happiness and success that is independent of the external world. We experience the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Schweitzer here describes as mystic reverence for life the experience which the Christian tradition knows as love. He deliberately rejects the traditional word, feeling that it is

inadequate. It describes the ethical only by a simile. We need some expression which will include not only love, but sympathy and all enthusiastic feeling of value. The Christian tradition has already put this content into the word love, and it may help us to understand Schweitzer's principle if we think of it for a time under the more familiar term. Love in this sense is purged of all pride and self-seeking. In Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Uncle Pio has toiled and suffered with endless patience for a child, whom he has cared for and trained until in her young womanhood she wins a great artistic success. She owes him everything. Her own mentality is not sufficient to interpret the dramatic parts in which she triumphs. She takes all from Uncle Pio and gives him nothing. In spite of its bitterness and frustration, his experience has yet in some fashion given meaning and a kind of glory to his life.

> "He regarded love as a sort of cruel malady through which the elect are called to pass in their late youth and from which they emerge, pale and wrung, but ready for the business of living. . . . At least they never mistook a protracted amiability for the whole content of life, they never again regarded a human being, from a prince down to a servant, as a mere mechanical object."

Love is the word we gropingly use to describe the experience by which our lives are emotionally bound to other life, so that it never lets us go. Schweitzer calls it reverence for life. It flings us, he says, into responsibility which never ceases and which stops nowhere.

Schweitzer agrees with St. Paul in his feeling that it is this experience alone which gives worth to life. It is not necessary to prove that conduct that is based on this experience is significant for the world-process. When a man becomes conscious of the existence of other beings, each with its will to live, he may rest in this awareness and its implications in conduct. He does not need to have any opinion about

the riddle of the world or the riddle of his own existence. Its result is that we use our powers for the enhancement of the life of every creature which comes within the circle of our influence and which stands in need of help. We must beware of misinterpretation here. The rock crystal, as well as flowers and trees and animals, manifests the struggle of being toward perfection which Schweitzer calls the will-to-live. He does not say so except by implication, but he would include works of art in which some man's reverence for life and deep experience of it has been embodied. It hurts him to find a mediocre musician in 18th century Berlin, with the self-confidence that was characteristic of the period, attempting to improve the cantatas of John Sebastian Bach. The reverence for life has no limits, either in the extent to which it is to reach or in the sacrifice it may demand. It is the love that asks no questions. The mystic reverence for life is the fulfillment of our deepest will to live. On every side life meets thwartings and defeats. But for all its frustrations and its brevity, life still has its grand meaning. This meaning it realizes in self-sacrifice for the sake of other life motived by reverence for life itself.

There are three stages of ethics. The first stage is that of passive self-fulfillment. It is a recognition of the fact that we stand in a natural, external relation to all that exists and, following this recognition, a willing acceptance of the relation, with all the thwartings and defeats and enigmas it involves as being the unalterable situation in which our individual will-to-live must realize itself. This is Margaret Fuller's "I accept the universe." The second stage of ethics is the ethics of active self-fulfillment. This stage is not only self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, but the recognition as well that our life is not self-contained, but is in a conscious unity with all life. This recognition brings with it the call to be adventurers in self-sacrifice. There is another stage of ethics. It is the re-making of the State into an ethical ideal in harmony with which our personal ideal may find fulfillment. Schweitzer thinks that at present there is no such harmony. The State has become absorbed in its external greatness and power. Its objects no longer coincide with the highest aims of humanity.

Until its aim is the unfolding of what is eternal and Godlike in the world, ethical individuals will find themselves in conflict with it. The State, in other words, is not a sufficient ethical ideal. It is a progressive embodiment of ethical aims. The individual is to seek its help, but is not to surrender his conscience to its keeping. In the action upon the State of ethical individuals lies the hope of civilization. The beginning of all spiritual life of any real value, he tells us, is courageous faith in truth and open confession of the same. Men must live under present conditions as if the better civilization were already here, become new men ourselves under the old circumstances. He has no thought that this is an easy task, but the very meaning of our individual lives is to be realized to the full only when the future of man and of humanity, not just of those who owe allegiance to one nation or another, but the whole race, becomes the object of our care and our hope. To be free of such care and hope is poverty; to be dedicated to them is true wealth.

This care and this hope have led Schweitzer to Africa. It has made him, to use his own words, an adventurer in self-sacrifice, of whom the world has too few.

The Human Side of the English Cathedral

Clayton R. Bowen

One of the most delightful essays of Walter Prichard Eaton is devoted to the thrills of collecting cellarholes. The author's adventures in tracking down these antique *objets d'art* among the byways of the Berkshire Hills, and his pride in his perhaps unique collection, must have stimulated many a reader to the same innocent quest. We all have a collector hidden away somewhere within us, and he is for the most part easily aroused to action. An old volume of Schepp's *Photographs of the World* enthralled my own childhood, set me dreaming of Europe, fixed in me a determination to see it very closely akin to my determination to go, if possible, to Heaven, and awakened what can only be called an acquisitive instinct not to be denied. Those lovely scenes, those stately buildings, should be mine. Particularly did the old-world cathedrals captivate my imagination and stimulate my greed. Cologne, Nôtre Dame, Canterbury, these I must make my own, store them away in my private museum of things seen and appropriated, to be gloated over in my hours of inaction. So, in successive transatlantic visits, I have tracked them down and brought them home with me, specimens from Italy, Germany, France and other lands besides. But the pride of my heart is my English collection, gathered slowly during the last thirty years. Ely was the first one I bagged, and I sometimes think it remains the prize piece of all. But as I run over the lot, I find about two dozen others contesting with Ely this primacy, and I rejoice to think that in beauty there are no degrees. All are first. As I have from time to time taken friends to see these works of art in their native setting, I have often provoked a smile by the earnest way in which I have

declared of each in turn, "Now this really is the finest!" And it always really is.

To these friends who visit with me these shrines I love, I like to talk about what we are seeing, how they came to be and what elements of their charm can be apprehended by the common mind of twentieth-century man. I am innocent of architectural science and view the cathedrals, not as structural designs, but as embodied ideals and emotions. On their architectural aspect there is an abundance of admirable literature. The spell they lay upon me is something more human. My friends' questions seem to indicate that they too feel the human appeal in what they see and wish to fathom what is behind it. It so happens that my friends are generally of that kind of folk known loosely in England as "non-conformists"; some corrections in their notions of church organization, therefore, I always need to make, and some primary discriminations. Invariably someone thinks Westminster Abbey the finest of the cathedrals or grows eloquent over the cathedral where Shakespeare is buried. Then I must bring out my pocket glossary of ecclesiastical terms, which I like to keep reasonably correct in its main outlines, without being too pedantically accurate in detail. My little lexicon is of course quite unnecessarily elementary for readers of the Meadville Journal; yet they might be surprised to discover to how many other people these details are novel. At any rate, my usual simple exposition runs something like this: The Established Church of England, like some other church bodies, is organized on the "Episcopal" system. That is, all the churches in a given district are united under a common governing officer, a clergyman who bears the title of "Bishop" (contracted from *Episcopos,* the old Greek word for "overseer"). The district itself is also called by a Greek term, "diocese" ("collection of houses"), and one of its towns, it may be a large city or a small village, is appointed as its capital, the seat (or "see" from the Latin word for seat) of the bishop. In this capital town is chosen or (more often) built an especially fine church to be the bishop's headquarters. This is the cathedral church *(cathedra* being the Greek word

for "seat"), the bishop's church. It may or may not be the finest church in the town, or in the diocese. Very commonly, of course, it is. Every bishop naturally wishes to make his seat as grand as possible, to magnify, not simply or primarily himself, but his office, his church, his religion, his God. The older cathedrals were constantly enlarged, rebuilt, redecorated, made more imposing, by succeeding bishops. When new ones were built, the bishops usually tried to make them surpass any other church in the district. But they do not always do so, and England has many other churches quite as large and grand as some of the cathedrals. I recall with especial vividness Beverley Minster and Tewkesbury Abbey, and the magnificent parish church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol. Some of these others, indeed, have served as cathedrals at an earlier time, and have ceased to be such because the capital of the diocese has been removed to another town. Every visitor to the ancient city of Bath goes into the lovely church commonly known as Bath Abbey, often alluded to as the "Lantern of England," from the number and beauty of its windows. This church was once the cathedral of the diocese of Bath and Wells, but now the other town, Wells, is the capital, and its great church of St. Andrew is the cathedral. Sometimes a church used for other purposes will serve as the cathedral of the diocese. So, for example, the cathedral of Oxford is just one of the college chapels.

One of the cathedrals is in a suburb of Cardiff in Wales, called Llandaff, the smallest city in Great Britain, which, a few years ago, when I inquired, had only 700 inhabitants. Why, then, call it a city at all? In strictly correct British parlance, a *city* is "any cathedral town, however small, and no other town, however great." (Mrs. Van Rensselaer: Handbook of English Cathedrals, p. 4.) Wales has five other cathedrals. That in the little village of St. Asaph is, like Llandaff, a fine mediaeval church, but the smallest of British cathedrals, being about 170 feet long; Llandaff, to be sure, is not much larger. St. David's, a village of something over 1,000 people, has for cathedral the finest church in Wales, an imposing twelfth-century structure. Bangor, a city of less

than 20,000, has a tiny but ancient and charming church. The remaining two are at Newport and Brecon. As yet, not one of these Welsh cathedrals has a place in my collection.

In England, as distinct from Wales and Scotland, there were 43 dioceses in 1930. Of these, a dozen had been created in the twentieth century, several as recently as 1927; there may be more now. As the larger dioceses grow unwieldy and beyond the administrative possibilities of one man, new ones are formed by fissure, new bishops appointed, new cathedrals designated or erected. Of the 43, I have already seen and made my own 28, and I have hopes of the others, though it must be confessed that it is chiefly the collector's urge, and not the fame of their beauty and interest, that leads me in quest of these missing 15. They are chiefly modern and comparatively unexciting buildings. Some of the modern cathedrals, indeed, are worthy to rank with the greatest of the old. Liverpool was made the seat of a bishop in 1880, and they are building there a vast and magnificent structure which sometimes reminds Americans of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, but which will doubtless take longer to complete. It will be one of the greatest churches in the world, and I have never been able to explain to my friends why it somehow fails to achieve the beauty and dignity of the mediaeval structures.

It is a fine thing to be the bishop of an English diocese. It makes you into a Lord. You are deferentially spoken to as "my Lord" and spoken of as "his Grace." You have a seat in the House of Peers. You even disuse in official speech your family name; instead of signing yourself "Henry Smith" you write "Henry Liverpool," putting the town in Latin if you can. Of all the bishops he of Canterbury is the chief; he indeed is no mere bishop, but an archbishop, and Primate (ruling ecclesiastic) of all England. He is the first subject in the Kingdom, ranking next to royalty, taking precedence of all nobility. He of York is also archbishop, but inferior to my Lord of Canterbury, being called simply Primate of England. No wonder, then, that the churches which are the official seats of these magnates are the most splendid buildings

in Britain! And yet we must not get the idea that the English bishop is a proud and haughty prelate; on the contrary, he is very certain to be a modest, devout, devoted, hard-worked man, intent on the glory of God and the service of his fellows.

Nor were the cathedrals the mere show-places they often seem to the tourist of today. They were the visible embodiment of Christianity for the people, their "Bible in stone," their teacher and inspirer, their refuge and shelter. In the days of their creation there was scarcely any secular literature; the Bible, church history (chiefly in legendary form), the lives and wonders of the saints, these were the substance of what the common man was taught. And in default of widespread ability to read or large dissemination of books, all this was built into the cathedrals and other churches. In carvings and sculptured figures and stained glass and paintings the people read the truths and tales of their religion nearly as effectively, shall we say, as the people now do in books? The cathedral was a great museum; here were the actual memorials and relics of past ages, their history and their art. Here were the shrines of the venerated and illustrious dead, whose tombs were the cathedral's adornment and its pride.

The cathedral, moreover, was the expression of local patriotism and civic pride, not merely the imposed creation of the bishop or the clergy. All the people worked at it and contributed to its cost, all sacrificed and labored to make their cathedral greater and lovelier than those of rival cities, and an expression of their highest ambitions and aspirations. When it was complete, all used it as their own, with a sense of personal possession and personal pride. It was almost as much a civic center as a church. The doors were always open, the people flocked in and out at all times, at mass, at confession, listening to a sermon or part of one, making business appointments there, meeting friends or lovers in its corners, treating it as a common exchange or in-door forum. The cathedral was the palace of the poor man; here he was on an equality with the lord. No favored owner had a pew where the laborer might not seat himself. So that the bishop who had the spiritual care of all these multitudes strained every nerve

to make his cathedral minister to them in manifold ways. Here were held town meetings, here the moralities and miracle-plays and passion-plays which were fore-runners of the modern secular theatre. Here occurred the great spectacles of civic life, such as the coronations and marriages and funerals of Kings; all the color and pageantry of mediaeval life centered here. How utterly different is all this from the modern denominational church, where people go to sit in a pew to listen to a preacher for an hour each Sunday morning. Then the soaring spaces of vaulted aisles and choirs taught the vastness and the mystery of the spiritual world with which religion has to do, as no modern sermon ever does. There the innumerable carved angels and saints and apostles and martyrs developed the sense of fellowship in a mighty community of faith and consecrated effort, an element for the lack of which the modern church is almost perishing. Is any place in the world *emptier* than one of our Protestant churches in America outside of service time? But "the Gothic cathedral is never empty, never alone"; it is thronged with the noble army and the goodly fellowship. It is almost alive, with its mighty cloud of witnesses. In entering by the western portal, we pass through crowds of the saints and heroes who have glorified our faith and made it great to bear the Christian name. On the exterior of Milan Cathedral stand some 2,000 such carven figures.

One other reason must be suggested for the power and reality of the mediaeval cathedral, which we cannot reproduce today. The architect was then the master-mason in person; theory and practice were united in one man. Sometimes, to be sure, he was the bishop himself; more often he was a man of the people. He spent his days and months and years on the scaffolding of his buildings, actually directing the work and often himself seizing hammer or chisel. In our time division of labor and the use of machinery have destroyed in the worker, the artisan, all creative and executive capacity. "The stone-cutter of today gets his pattern from a contractor, who gets it from a builder, who gets it from an architect, who gets it from a clerk in his office. The stone-cutter of the Middle

Ages was given a capital to decorate, and was himself the artist who conceived and did the whole thing. This means that the execution was vital and vigorous, that the pattern itself was a creative and inventive effort, not a mechanical copy, and that the details of the building had the resulting variety'' (W. H. Goodyear: Roman and Mediaeval Art, p. 193). The architect of today, who spends his time in an office, whose plans are made by draughtsmen in an office and given to a builder in another office who hands them over to contractors in yet other offices, is a very different figure from the mediaeval architect between whom and the aspiring stone nothing intervened.

Some of the early bishops were heads of great monasteries as well, and their cathedrals were surrounded by the whole vast complex of monastic buildings, including the stately cloisters; so it was in England at Canterbury and Worcester and Norwich and elsewhere. In these sees, the large staff of clergy attached to the cathedral, carrying on its ministrations (the whole group of them together being called *the chapter*), was made up altogether of monks. Other foundations were in charge of the regular non-monastic or ''secular'' clergy; not seldom were the secular bishops and chapters in vigorous conflict with the monastic establishments. The great group of secular priests gathered about a bishop and his church was often called a ''college'' rather than a ''chapter,'' and the cathedral a ''collegiate'' foundation. These priests, too, had usually clustered about the cathedral a group of buildings for their common life, their chapter-house, often their cloisters, perhaps a guest-house or refectory or hospital or library or school, even though they did not live together under a rule as did the ''regulars'' or monks. Sometimes a secular chapter was later, by ecclesiastical authority, replaced by a monastic chapter, or *vice versa.* The difference became very important at the time of the so-called ''reformation'' or break with Rome under Henry VIII, who set out to make a clean sweep of everything monastic. While the collegiate chapters went on undisturbed with their bishops, only now becoming Protestant instead of Catholic, swearing allegiance to the King instead of

to the Pope, the monastic chapters were abolished altogether, and a new organization of Protestant clergy, on the purely secular basis, took their place. In one or two cases, an old see was abolished entirely, with no continuance. On the other hand, Henry made a number of new dioceses, dividing those which were largest and most cumbersome. Thus Gloucester, which had a glorious Abbey church, was for the first time made the seat of a bishop, whose territory was taken from the huge domain of his Grace of Worcester. The abbey suppressed, its church became the cathedral, one of the grandest in the realm. All these reorganized or newly-founded establishments are called sees or cathedrals of the *new foundation,* even though their history and church buildings go back to great antiquity. They must begin anew, because they had been connected with a monastery, while the secular or collegiate chapters went on with no break in their historic continuity, their churches henceforth designated as cathedrals of the *old foundation.* The monastic buildings were generally wrecked or completely destroyed, the secular buildings left unharmed. That is why all about the cathedral of Canterbury we see a vast complex of shattered, ivy-covered walls and arches, picturesque fragments of once stately structures, ruined because they were monastic, while if we go, for example, to Wells, we shall see the venerable dwellings of the collegiate clergy still existing because they were not monastic.

An English cathedral, especially one of the more ancient, is a very different thing from a cathedral anywhere on the continent. The latter generally stand in the old political capital of their districts, most often, that is, in large towns, in the center of the city's active life, crowded about with houses and shops and buildings of every worldly sort. The typical English cathedral stands apart, often in the quiet village, almost always in a great green expanse of that wonderful English sward, the cathedral close, the "haunt of ancient peace," with trees and birds, where childhood plays, not too noisily, and age walks serenely with its memories. Amiens, Rheims, Notre-Dame-de-Paris, Strasbourg, Milan, Seville, Cologne, these are town churches; but say "English cathedral," and there comes

before the mind's eye the picture of the venerable towers of Canterbury or the glorious spire of Salisbury rising from a broad expanse of green, with rooks calling from the leafy trees.

The venerable towers of Canterbury—let us view them more nearly. If you could have but one English cathedral in your collection, I suppose this would better be the one. I have been four times to see it and cannot forbear here to talk of it a little more at length. The old town itself has a rare and gracious charm; it seems to exist, with its perhaps 24,000 people, by and for the cathedral. It may with good right be called the birthplace of the Church of England as it exists today. The primitive Roman and British Christianity had been almost entirely swept away by the pagan Saxons when, late in the sixth century, the Saxon King of Kent, Ethelbert, was living in his capital of Canterbury with a Christian wife. She was the Frankish princess Bertha and had brought her religion with her from her earlier home in Paris. A tiny chapel she had for her worship, standing on the hill-side, dedicated to St. Martin. Rebuilt, enlarged, it stands there today in common belief the oldest existent church in Britain. Thither came in the year 597 a group of missionaries from Rome, led by St. Augustine (not he of the Confessions), eager for the souls of the fair-haired Angles. The King, already influenced by his Queen, became a ready convert, and that same year he was received into the church. At old St. Martin's they still show you the antique Saxon font at which he was baptized. At his orders, ten thousand of his subjects followed him into the new faith. Almost immediately began the building of what is now the mother-church of all England, the Cathedral Church of Christ in Canterbury. Built, burnt, ruined, pulled down, rebuilt, enlarged, it has grown almost like a living thing, from the rude erection of St. Augustine's time to the vast and glorious pile that enchants us today.

Canterbury, we noted, was a monastic foundation, the cathedral church being the center of an extensive series of monastery buildings, the convent of Christ's church. These buildings are now, however, but picturesque ruins clustering about the northern side of the enclosure. We approach the

cathedral by a narrow street called *Mercery Lane,* in ancient days, as now, a street of shops to sell souvenirs to the pilgrims. At its end a magnificent perpendicular Gothic gateway, built in 1517, admits us to the Close, which was formerly, with the whole monastery domain, surrounded by a high wall. The scene as we enter is one of the loveliest in the world. Before us rises the vast cathedral, dominated by its great square central tower at the crossing of nave and transept. This tower, 235 feet high, completed about the time Columbus discovered America, is called "one of the most perfect structures that Gothic architecture, inspired by the loftiest purpose that ever stimulated the work of any art, has produced" (Withers: Cathedral Church of Canterbury, p. 24). The western end of the cathedral, nearest us, has a great window flanked by two fine towers, of slightly different, yet harmonious, design. That on the north side is a very successful restoration of 1840, replacing a predecessor which had crumbled. That on the south was put up about 1460; on its southern face a very beautiful covered porch, of about 1400, makes the chief entrance to the cathedral. On the west front appears only a small door, never used, a feature which at once differentiates Canterbury from any continental cathedral.

Entering by this south porch, we find ourselves at the western end of the great nave, where we stand for a little, overwhelmed by the majesty of the hallowed fabric. The nave is more than 200 feet long and 80 feet high, longer and lower than in most of the great continental cathedrals, but no less powerful in its total impression. Standing here, we understand why this part of the church has always been called the *nave* or ship. It is, indeed, as if we stood in a slender vessel, with prow turned to the east, flying swiftly across great waters toward the dawn. The prow is of course the choir, which gives direction to the whole. We call it *choir,* as the place where the liturgy was sung or chanted. It is also, or a specialized, more eastward part of it is also, known as the *presbytery,* the place of the priests, the elders or clergy, in distinction from the nave, the great deck, as it were, where the lay folk gather. The cathedral, like most great mediaeval

churches, is built in the form of a cross, the transepts making the cross-beam, where the arms of the Crucified would rest. Then his body and lower limbs would stretch down the nave, his feet at the western portal. And his sacred head, wounded and thorn-crowned, would hallow that eastern end of the great central shaft, beyond the transept. This, then, the choir, or choir and presbytery, is the most holy part of the church, where the priests perform the mysteries of religion. Here is the high altar, here the bishop's throne, here the greatest splendor, the most exquisite beauty of holiness. There are all sorts of variations on this general scheme; some great churches have two transepts; so, for example, Salisbury cathedral. Canterbury does not very closely conform to the cruciform model, owing to its many rebuildings and additions. The choir, which should be the short arm of the cross, is here 100 feet longer than the nave, over 300 feet back of the transept, which is very short.

This enormous development of the holy place at Canterbury requires explanation. The oldest parts of the present church go back to the building of Lanfranc, the first Norman archbishop after William the Conqueror. This was of course a church in the Norman style, and the date is about 1070 to 1080. But within twenty years the choir of this church was pulled down and rebuilt on a much vaster and more splendid scale; when completed after these changes the church was nearly twice as large as before, and was dedicated with great ceremony in 1130. The enlargement and new glory was quite clearly due to the necessity for properly housing the venerated relics which the cathedral was rapidly accumulating. In those days a church's prestige largely depended on the relics of the saints which it had managed to acquire and to keep, relics reverenced as the veritable embodiment of sanctity and of wonder-working power. To see and honor these relics came crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world. Not a few vast churches, and Canterbury among them, are vast to provide room for the great throngs of these visitors, the more numerous prototypes of our tourists of today. They brought fame to the church and, more important, they brought riches,

with their expenditures and their votive offerings. The cathedral church at Canterbury was at first poor in relics, for it was not allowed by law that burials take place within the city limits. The abbey of St. Augustine, outside the walls, had the advantage. There were buried St. Augustine himself, the apostle of England, and other saints; thither came the pilgrims. But about 750 Archbishop Cuthbert got permission to bury within the cathedral, and the tombs of the saints began to draw the wished-for crowds. As not a few of the Archbishops of Canterbury were canonized, the cathedral indeed soon outstripped the abbey and excited its jealousy. Characteristic is the story (apparently quite true) that after the burial of St. Thomas a' Becket in the cathedral the brethren of the abbey approached monk Roger, official guardian of the martyr's shrine, and offered to make him their abbot if he would steal for them a piece of the skull. The pious watchman consented to perform this sacrilegious burglary, did so, escaped with his plunder, and was duly installed as spiritual and temporal head of the rival establishment a mile away. This transaction was long an occasion of proud boasting by the good monks of St. Augustine.

At the cathedral the store of relics had grown rapidly. Some were presented, some bought, some stolen, some captured by force of arms. There were bodies of sainted bishops and martyrs (that duplicates in whole or in part sometimes existed at other shrines did not seem to matter), the heads of others, the arm of one of the Twelve Apostles, and even a bit of the clay from which Adam was made. To house these worthily and to make room for adoring throngs of pilgrims, the great pile grew ever greater. At the dedication of the rebuilt church of Canterbury in 1130 the King of England, the King of Scotland and all the English bishops were there in splendid state, "the most famous dedication," says an eyewitness, "that had ever been seen on the earth since that of the temple of Solomon." From now on the pilgrims came in ever-increasing numbers.

Just forty years from this famous dedication—on December 29, 1170—occurred the event which made at once the shame

and the glory of Canterbury, the murder, in the north transept of his cathedral, of the Archbishop Thomas Becket. We need not here rehearse the tale of how or why he was slain by the four Knights, partisans of King Henry II, with whom Becket had carried on a long quarrel over the respective rights of church and state. He was at once declared by the unanimous voice of the church a martyr, and within four days of his death miracles of healing began to occur at or near his hasty tomb in the crypt. In a trifle over two years (1173) he was canonized. His miracles increased by leaps and bounds, and the cathedral where his blood had been shed and where his mutilated remains lay became perhaps the chief shrine of Christendom, visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world, seeking edification or healing. The living archbishop had been too strong for the King; dead and canonized he was irresistible. The King had to yield. Two years after the murder, nourished only on bread and water, his majesty Henry II arrived at Canterbury one July day, walked barefoot through its streets, knelt on the transept stones where Becket fell, then was led into the crypt. Laying aside his garment, he knelt before the tomb, put his head into one of the apertures in its carving, and in this posture received on his bare back five strokes of the rod from every bishop or abbot present, and three from each of the eighty monks. Then, bleeding and spent, he lay the whole night on the stone floor in penitent prayer. The next day he was granted absolution and might depart. Those were the days when the church had power!

Two years after this remarkable scene, in 1174, the great choir of the cathedral was completely destroyed by fire. It was at once rebuilt and in 1184 was reconsecrated. In connection with this rebuilding, opportunity was taken to build a shrine for the martyr worthy of his growing fame. In the rear of the choir it was placed, and all about ample space was provided for the throngs of pilgrims. Two years' notice was given throughout all Europe of the solemn installation of the saint's remains in the new shrine. The removal or translation took place on Tuesday, July 7, 1220, before the greatest assembly that England had ever known, with kings and princes and

prelates innumerable in solemn procession. At the head walked the young King Henry III, grandson of Henry II, for whose cause the saint was slain; he had just come from laying the foundation stone of the great abbey church of Westminster at London. Near him was the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, Stephen Langton, who not long since had forced King John, favored son of that Henry II who had done such bitter penance here, to sign Magna Charta and give the English people something of that liberty for which Becket, too, in the end had died. Langton had just crowned the youthful King at his side, son of that King John, and in a vigorous old age, was now to guard the martyr's shrine.

This shrine itself, upreared on a carven marble base, was enclosed by an ornamental iron railing, about which the populace gathered. It was veiled from view, as the procession entered, by a wooden canopy; at a signal, this was withdrawn and the shrine appeared, blazing with gold and jewels. The wooden sides were covered with golden plates, damasked and embossed in beautiful designs, set with pearls and jewels and rings innumerable. As the vast throng fell on their knees, the Prior read the tale of the votive jewels and their donors; all the monarchs and great ones of Christendom had vied in offering their choicest possessions to honor the saint. Only one, it was said, had hesitated. King Louis VII of France, paying his respects at the tomb, could not bring himself to offer the great carbuncle or diamond, the size of a hen's egg, which blazed upon his finger. As he hesitated, the jewel itself leaped from its setting and fixed itself firmly in the center of the sarcophagus, where for centuries thereafter it was an object of wonder. No such glory and honor and praise were anywhere lavished in England, scarcely anywhere in the world, as here at the shrine of St. Thomas. Every English King knelt in solemn reverence here, every notable visitor to British shores; the great of all Christendom came and the small, by thousands and thousands more. The abbey, the church, the town, grew rich and renowned. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales have familiarized the later world with one aspect of this great wave of devotion. For 300 years and more it went on in full flood.

Then came Henry VIII, his break with Rome, his determination utterly to root out monasticism in England and to put an end to all pilgrimages and veneration of relics. Almost incredible is the tale (ask the historian if it be literally true) of how Henry solemnly cited the saint, now three and a half centuries dead, to appear and answer charges of treason, contumacy and rebellion. This summons was solemnly read in the cathedral before the shrine; after thirty days the case was brought to trial at Westminster and the absent prelate (absent in heaven!) solemnly condemned and sentenced to have his bones burned and all his treasures forfeited to the crown. In the end the bones were perhaps buried rather than burned, but the treasures were certainly confiscated. It is estimated that something like $20,000 was at this time coming in at the shrine each year, in the form of offerings, this in addition to the accumulations of more than three centuries. We are not surprised to read of two great coffers of jewels and gold carried away, each borne by seven strong men, and of twenty-six wagon-loads of other plunder. The King long wore the French monarch's carbuncle in his thumb-ring, and all the rest of the treasures were scattered. The shrine was smashed into fragments, so that only its approximate site is pointed out on the stone floor today. Henry's antipathy went so far as to order every image and picture of St. Thomas in England to be destroyed—only a few in stained glass windows and illuminated manuscripts escaped—and his name erased from every record or book. And yet contemporary accounts have survived, and the life and death and post-mortem miracles of Thomas Becket are studied today by scholars with as much critical care as the Biblical narratives themselves. What an impressive chapter they furnish in the history of faith!

Meanwhile, what of the glorious building which had housed the now desecrated shrine? Alas, it suffered grievously. The archbishop under Henry's new Protestant régime was that famous Thomas Cranmer who was a few years later, under Henry's daughter Mary, to die by fire at Oxford. In 1541 he had a letter from his King ordering "due search to be made in his cathedral churches, and if any shrine, covering of shrine,

table, monument of miracles or other pilgrimage, do there continue, to cause it to be taken away, so as there remain no memory of it." However salutary this procedure may have been for religion, artistically it meant an infinite loss; beauty perished which generations had wrought in reverent devotion, which later centuries could never reproduce. A hundred years after Henry and Cranmer the Puritans were at this work of spoliation even more vigorously and inexcusably. Often and often as I have wandered about a cathedral like Canterbury or Ely, my heart has leaped in grief and indignation as I saw the battered remains of glorious carved stone-work and pictured glass, relics of a loveliness we shall not see again. It is terrible to look upon a cathedral like that of Rheims, a mass of dreadful ruin as the result of wantonness in war; it is even more terrible when the same thing has been done in cold blood in time of peace, by those who believed that their axe and hammer and fire-brand were doing God service. The ancient glass of Canterbury, the more delicate and beautiful parts of the stone-carving, the wonderful choir-stalls, many of the chapels, the altars, the statues, the adornment—all these are gone forever. The monastic buildings, which fell before Henry's reforming zeal (to speak charitably) are now suggested to us only by a few broken arches and ivy-covered stones, lovely in decay. Yet the great fabric of the cathedral itself, though despoiled of its choicer beauties, could not be wholly ruined. It has undergone careful restoration and still stands, proud and gracious, as one of the great achievements of the imperishable human instinct to create beauty as the fit expression of religion.

Only the day before I write these lines I was again asked which one of all the English cathedrals in my collection I consider the finest. "Canterbury, of course," I replied, "and York and Lincoln and Ely and Gloucester and Durham and Norwich." My interlocutor knew; the finest was Durham. How he could fix on one as supreme baffles my understanding, or how I could omit Wells or Lichfield in my list just given. It is a relief to find some less compelling. St. Paul's in London, for example, is a building whose architecture is powerless

to move me, and I pass it by with a clear conscience. But across the river, at the end of London Bridge, London now has another cathedral, St. Saviour's in Southwark, made the seat of a bishop as recently as 1905. The building goes back to the twelfth century and has many beauties and many historical associations of great interest. For Americans it is a place of pilgrimage, because John Harvard, for whom Harvard College is named, was baptized there. A splendid memorial window and a restored chapel of great beauty, both the gift of Americans, keep alive his name in the church of his childhood. Of the Abbey church of Westminster I need not speak, since unlike other abbey churches, such as St. Alban's or Gloucester, it never was made a cathedral. Of Gloucester I would like to discourse if I knew how; for sheer beauty it is hardly surpassed. Here we have a great Norman structure of about 1100, the nave still essentially as it was built, with great pillars and round arches. But pass within the choir-screen and lo, you are in a soaring Gothic shrine. Yet, look again, the Gothic work is simply overlaid, like an exquisite open-work screen, and behind it is all the solid Norman work as of old. Looking naveward at the choir-roof, you are startled to see a western window there, a unique feature due to the fact that the choir is higher than the nave and can overlook its roof. Now look eastward, and catch your breath! For there is the grandest window in the world—72 feet high, 38 feet broad—a stupendous wall of glorious ancient glass held together by stone-work so slender and fragile that it seems as if a strong wind would send the whole window crashing at our feet. Yet it has stood, stone and glass together, for going on 600 years, and is obviously good for 600 more. Look at it closely; it seems to be curiously bent. Yes, it is actually wider than the walls which enclose it, and by a bold architect has been bowed, as by a strong hand, to fit the narrower space. "One could hardly imagine a more magnificent effect," says Mrs. Van Renssalaer (page 385f). "It is difficult to suggest in words or pictures the sumptuous effect of this transfigured choir." And back of the choir again, prolonging the great church to the east, is something quite as sumptuous, the lady-

chapel, a long room walled almost entirely with stained glass, with carvings so rich and delicate that one almost fears to speak lest the whole enchanting scene vanish like a broken bubble. Then the cloisters of Gloucester, surely the most beautiful in England, if not in the world, with their superb fan-vaulting, the first ever made (about 1400 it was done) and the finest ever made. Whenever I think of Gloucester I am tempted to say (as I said of Canterbury): if you can see but one English cathedral, see this one. It is probably no more beautiful (if beauty can be said to have "less" and "more") than a half-dozen others, but it is so greatly beautiful and complete that it will satisfy all the aesthetic craving one individual is capable of feeling.

Of Exeter one remembers best the vast western facade, rising from the green sward of the peaceful close. This was once, like so many of the others, the church of a Benedictine monastery, and the building of today had its beginnings early in the eleven hundreds; with many alterations it reached nearly its present shape by 1369. But, oh, how these buildings have suffered! Protestantism could not seem to introduce its new order without destruction of all that kept in mind the old. Under Queen Elizabeth there was much spoliation and defacing here. In Cromwell's time a brick wall was built across the church at the crossing, thus making two churches of it. The nave, called West St. Peter's, was given to an Independent preacher named Stuckeley, one of Cromwell's chaplains, the choir, East St. Peter's, to a Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Mr. Ford. The chapter-house was made a stable, and the other ecclesiastical buildings into soldiers' barracks. Now all this desecration is removed and the great church is again a thing of exquisite beauty. The west front (finished before 1400), fortunately did not greatly suffer. Its lower portion consists of a vast screen of stone-work, elaborately carved into a series of graceful niches in three rows, one above another, across the whole front. In each niche stands a beautifully sculptured figure, angels below, above them kings and knights, and at the top saints and apostles. These figures, about 100 in all, form a veritable illustrated church history and book of devo-

tion for the people. Above the screen is a great central window of about 1365, above that, in the gable, another window, surmounted by a statue of St. Peter, the patron of the church. When we enter by the western portal, we are at once struck by the perfect symmetry and harmony of the interior, and by the vast unbroken sweep of the superb vaulted roof, 410 feet from end to end, 70 feet from the floor. There is one notable interruption in the totality of the effect; as in so many large English churches, there is an elaborate screen separating the choir from the nave, on the top of which rests the huge organ, so that it is impossible to see much of the choir unless you pass within. Fortunately the screen and organ are not high enough to break the long sweep of the roof-line. The windows of Exeter show a greater variety of tracery than can be seen in any other building in England, and the choir with its splendid stalls, is sometimes said to exceed in grace and beauty that of any church in Britain or France.

But Wells clamors for a word, and yet what adequate word can be said for Wells? It is a quaint and tiny town, where you can lodge in a venerable inn built in the city wall, overlooking the cathedral close, where the church and the clerical buildings together make a group unsurpassed, I think, in the world. The cathedral has doubtless some defects, but they blend into a whole one has no disposition to criticize. The west front is enormous; indeed, its spread of 147 feet is unrelated to the church behind it and sticks out broadly at both sides. In composition it is perhaps not greatly beautiful; it is none the less greatly impressive. Like that of Exeter, which in this respect it however surpasses, this facade, in the words of Richard John King, "was in fact an ever-open book, recording in characters which all could once read, the history of the Christian church and of its benefactors." It dates from about 1225 and is larger than the contemporary west fronts of Notre Dame or Amiens or any other contemporary church. Its whole vast extent, save for three too small and insignificant doors and a series of slender windows, is made up of recessed niches containing beautifully carved statues, more than 300 in all, arranged in six tiers up to the point whence the towers

spring, and two more tiers in the gable above this point. Some are of colossal stature, about half are life-size. Here are angels, saints, bishops, priests, knights, princes, kings. Here we read the whole Old Testament and the New, with all the mysteries of the faith.

The interior of Wells has many points of extreme interest and beauty; the lady-chapel, with its exquisite vaulted roof and superb ancient glass, is one of the finest in Britain. But the chapter-house is quite the finest. Who that has ever seen it can forget the slender central pillar from which spring the six and thirty ribs of the vaulting? Who has ever seen anywhere else anything like the staircase which leads up to this elevated chamber and by a most curious and interesting device of construction leads at the same time to another level in another direction? But best of all at Wells is perhaps the setting, especially the vicars' close of ancient dwellings for the clergy, which so enchanted me that if I ever disappear from my accustomed haunts, it may be suspected that I have gone to be a vicar at Wells. Then the old moat, with the stately swans afloat upon it, swans who have confounded all the evolutionists by inheriting acquired characteristics, and grow up in each generation with the skill to pull with their bills, when hungry, at the wire dangling down the wall into the water, at the end of which hangs their dinner bell. Back of the wall is the bishop's palace, hidden in lovely gardens, a place enchanted, which, as Mrs. Van Renssalaer says, "makes the dream of a poet seem prosaic." Yes, on the whole I think I like Wells best of all. That is, when I am thinking of Wells. But, then, I remember York Minster, with its soaring towers and its wealth of magnificent mediaeval glass, surely queen of them all. And York reminds me of Durham, splendid on its hill-top, and Lincoln . . . . . .

Mystic and Radical

James C. Hodgins

The typical radical stands forth clear-cut in a hard, crystalline light. The august name of Newton suggests the mathematical symmetry of a crystal of Iceland spar. Such men, and there are many of them, are rare economists of words. They aim at exactitude of phrase, seeking to fit the word to the fact as the glove fits the hand. Dean Swift's description of good style exactly expresses the ideal aimed at, "The right words in the right order." As a rule they are not adjectival. Though sometimes possessed of the power of ideal creation to an extraordinary degree, they hold it in check and approach by carefully measured steps the summit of the mount of vision. Their passion is for law, and, the law discovered, they consider the conditions of the problem under investigation satisfied. So far as it is humanly possible they allow for the human equation; as the astronomer, for example, allows for the contribution of the eye, or over-eagerness of the observer in making his nice calculations during the observation of an eclipse. While at work they subordinate all their faculties to technique, considering that ordinary human feelings have no part in strictly scientific investigations. In assuming this attitude they are both wise and right. Complete dehumanization for the time being, absolute subordination to the task in hand is the *sine qua non* of success in the laboratory. The fiends that harry, in the case of the scientist, are, in Mill's phrase, "Observation, Experiment and Verification." As a rule, save in rare instances, they do not venture into the realms of theology or concern themselves with speculations as to what are called "final causes." The final cause, in the case of the scientist, *sang pur,* is the discovery of the immediate law under which apparently disparate and unconnected facts can be thrown and explained. William Clerk Maxwell's definition

of the Second Law of Thermodynamics may be quoted here as a splendid example of clear scientific definition.

> "It is impossible, by the unaided action of natural processes, to transform any part of the heat of a body into mechanical work, except by allowing heat to pass from that body into another at a lower temperature."

Those possessed of a *flair* for ideal mathematics (Einstein is a conspicuous modern example), undeterred by the fact that the intellectual lumber-room of the world is filled with discarded equations, seek, in a synthesis of ideal quantities and forces, a final answer to the riddle of the Sphinx. These are the poets of science, and their art has its analogue in music. In the high, fine air they breathe but few can live. To the man in the street Planck's equation is only bewildering, and Einstein's Principle of Relativity presents to his imagination the topsy-turvey world of "Alice in Wonderland." These are the high-flyers in the scientific world, and they incarnate intelligence, viewed from the plane of the phenomenal, at its highest. Far below them on their Olympian height a sober herd crops content around the base of the sacred mount; some among them, no doubt, cherishing the not ignoble ambition of one day shining in the constellation of Newton.

But it does not follow that, because the scientist must approximate to the precision of the interferometer while engaged in his experiments, he, therefore, is devoid of those engaging qualities which in their totality make us to be what we are. The phrase "cold-blooded scientist" is stupid. Priestley could apparently drop his experiments on "dephlogisted air" to write and preach on purely spiritual themes. Sir Michael Faraday, the true founder of the science of electricity, belonged to an obscure sect called the Sandemanians. Swedenborg found a refuge from his scientific investigations in a mystical world; as did Leibnitz. In our own day we have Sir Oliver Lodge completely convinced of the survival of personal identity in a higher world of the spirit. Alfred Russell Wallace wrote a book to prove that "this little ball the earth"

is the only spot in all the vast cosmos where an intelligent being could be born. The list is endless.

The man of fact will say that in all such cases we have capital examples of the survival of inherited race-obsessions—the last expiring embers of supernaturalism. But what the scientific materialist overlooks is that these princes of thought and creators of civilization used in their search for ideal values precisely the same ordered and disciplined intelligence by which they were able to achieve astonishing results in the world of the phenomenal. The theory of double personality will not explain to any fair mind the beautiful piety of Faraday or the soaring, architectonic genius of Leibnitz. These rare spirits were convinced that the world of fact and law is but a symbol "of what beyond these things may lie and yet remain unseen." They made their final generalization but a spring-board for the plunge of faith. The scientist is, as a scientist, the only true radical, since his aim is the discovery of reality. He is not to be confused with the man who is possessed of what has come to be called "the one-track mind." This type, like the poor, will be always with us for both good and evil. But when the scientist leaves his laboratory and starts to speculate on purpose and meaning; when, that is, he seeks to see life sanely and see it whole he enters another world of experience, a world in which the word "value" takes on a richer and deeper meaning. Faraday, the religious mystic, could, on occasion, express in words of memorable loveliness and humility his belief in the primacy and supremacy of the spiritual; but when he entered his laboratory he became the ideal scientist—cool, tireless, passionless, exact. The day's work done he gave himself up, without reserve, to the guidance of that divine spirit of which he felt himself to be the conscious child. His science shaded into mysticism; but it was a mysticism rooted in an inward experience which seemed to be and to him was the efflorescence of amazing scientific knowledge. His personal reaction to the infinite and the eternal was one of wonder and awe, and his natural posture adoration.

The difference between a mind like that of Faraday and the type represented at this hour by Sir James Jeans is funda-

mental. Faraday humbly accepted the existence of a divine intelligence—the Omnium. He was sure that there was something bigger and better in the universe than himself, that this power was linked to humanity, on the divine side by giving, on the human side by receiving. To the end of his days Michael Faraday retained this faith. It is quite true that Faraday did not know what Professor Jeans and others of our day know of the inner structure of the atom. Electron, proton, photon, neutron are but recent arrivals. In those days scientific apparatus was crude, and, as a rule, the investigator was forced to be his own master-mechanic. It is all different today. Incredible energy can be generated by colossal dynamos and the electrical power thus produced can be directed through a tube to an almost invisible point and the atom split. Yet it is safe to say that the theoretical and applied science of our day would be quite impossible were it not for those invisible human moles who do their work in obscurity—these splendid artist-mechanics, of the type of Alvin Clarke, who present to the scientific investigators the precisely fashioned instruments without which the most of them would be helpless. Our present race of scientists entered into a great inheritance. They are the residuary legatees of a race of Titans. We turn now to another type of scientist in which the intellectual is basic.

There is a good deal of the daring speculator but little of the tender spiritual envisagement about Sir James Jeans. His theories do not open up vistas of reconciliation with the supreme will. We are, in fact, left in suspense as to where the suffering race of mortals come in. This man has written a book which, coming from a less distinguished person, might fairly be described as a "Shilling-shocker." His prophecy that the universe, subject (as he is convinced it is) to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, is running down like a clock and will finally end as a sort of burnt-out cosmic cinder, is, to put it mildly—bleak. If the end of all things is to be eternal darkness and absolute zero, even though the catastrophe be deferred for millions of millions of years, and if this hypothesis should become generally accepted there would be an end of all discussion as to the origin and fate of man and an end

of culture in the sense which the word has come to have in civilized society. With the death of the universe consciousness would disappear and with consciousness God. The last poet (and there would be a last poet) would indeed be but "the idle singer of an empty day."

It is, indeed, a question worth considering whether a certain closed-in type of mind should speculate at all on the nature of universals. Tom Paine grandiloquently exclaimed "The world is my country and mankind is my religion." No doubt he meant it since he lived it. But what shall we say of the scientist who, inhabiting a world, which he himself describes as bearing the same proportion to the universe as a grain of sand bears to all the sand on all "the beachy margents of the world," yet dares to pronounce that it will all end in an eternal Winter? If the Second Law of Thermo-dynamics does apply to the Cosmos (including consciousness), then no doubt the case may be considered closed. But does it? In the opinion of the writer it does not. *Carnot's Law applies locally because we are on a slowly cooling planet and for no other reason whatsoever.* Were we on a heat-expanding planet we would know nothing of it. Leaving out of sight Prof. Robert Millikan's discovery of cosmic rays and his belief that our sun "is stoking its own fires," the cardinal fact is that outside of our local habitation, theories, such as Prof. Jeans indulges in, are but guesses at the riddle of existence.

At the moment a breath of cool refreshing air is sweeping through the world of physics. Those scientists who, a few years ago, seemed to be suffering from a sort of intellectual heat-apoplexy and mathematical euthanasia are beginning seriously to modify their language. The great and modest Einstein has not hesitated to modify seriously his original conception of a space-time universe curved back upon itself, and Prof. Jeans in his latest deliverance, as reported in the London Times, now admits that the whole concept of an expanding universe, based on a shift to the red, may prove to be based on pure illusion. It will be in order to quote his own words. After quoting Friedman and Lemaître to the effect that in a curved universe of moving nebulae there would be

unstable equilibrium—like a stick balanced on its point—and quoting Einstein against Eddington in the discussion about the Cosmical Constant, which the latter is seeking, he proceeds,

> "If we wish to maintain stellar ages of millions of millions of years the only possible course is to suppose that observation and theory are wholly illusory and that astronomers and mathematicians have both been exploring a complete mare's nest. As regards theory this supposition is not wholly preposterous."

Perhaps the most interesting thing in this connection is the play of Prof. Jeans' mind outside of pure science. A pupil of Strutt (Lord Rayleigh) his investigations have been largely in thermo-dynamics and astro-physics. In these fields, and that of ideal mathematics, he is an acknowledged master, and the record of his accomplishments is outstanding and remarkable. But he feels impelled at times to leave his favorite subjects and make periodic excursions into the speculative world. He is not a metaphysician. His approach is from the seemingly secure ground of experiment. He sees the universe from the standpoint of the higher mathematics, and, so envisaging it, in a recent lecture, he pictures God as the supreme mathematician. At which there was a throwing up of caps in certain clerical circles. Why? Are we to approach the source of consciousness, of personality, and all connoted by these words through the shining circles of the Differential Calculus and, at the end, find reconciliation with the divine Will? Can a heat-expanding universe, which is to end as a burnt-out cosmic cinder, assuage the tragic disappointments which all, at some time or another, suffer? And is there anything in the thought, after all, but the old argument of Paley tricked out in a new guise? Paley—the simple and clear, with watch in hand, the butt for years of philosophic pundits—advanced an argument which is still valid. His contention is, not that God is a master-horologist, but that it would require all that we understand by the word "Intelligence" to produce so perfect a mechanical marvel as a watch. Prof. Jeans' clock is a more

perfect one, to be sure, but the argument is the same. In his investigations he finds, for example, that "all the nebulae are found receding, and their speeds prove to be almost proportional to their distance from us." Hence the Great Mathematician!

This is not the place to go into the Quantum Theory, or Relativity. Eddington's warning is valid, "Building closed for repairs." But this may be said, *viz.*, that there is no unanimity among the experts. Planck in his study of "dark" heat propounds the theory of the "jet" or "emission"; Einstein describes the passage of mechanical into radiant energy as a "Jump"; Heisenberg and Bohr liken the phenomenon to a change in the steps of a cotillion; Barcla shrewdly points out that all these theories are inadequate because they do not account for cause or the why? Jeans sadly admits that what is wanted is knowledge of Just When the trigger was pulled. There is no trigger. The "constant" is the *eternal and indiminishable energy of the universe.*

In his last but one utterance, Prof. Jeans, stressing discontinuity or "break," pointed out that the divine power may, between "Jumps" or hiatuses, or whatever you may please to call this supposed vacancy or pause, interfere or reveal or slip through to our world and not disturb by one iota the mathematical order of the universe. Once again clerics, not sure of the ground of their faith, applauded. The spectacle of the Almighty waiting His chance to edge through during a temporary pause in the stream of energy, is, to say the least, intriguing; but as the whole theory of Discontinuity is still being fought over and may, and, in the opinion of many, will be over-thrown it can hardly be considered a solid foundation for faith. The super-naturalist should "stick to his muttons," and not hang breathlessly on the opinions of even eminent scientists. The world of spiritual experience exists in its own right, and is far removed from theories as to the nature of mass and force. Nor would it make the slightest difference to the man of faith if the bio-chemist should succeed in producing in the laboratory that amazing substance which we call protoplasm. It may yet be done. Nature has done it,

no doubt is doing it at this very moment in our own and in all worlds, where, like Tiny Bear's soup, the temperature is "Just right." There is a mystical, divine power at work all the time in the world of colloids—the great artist! This Jeans leaves out, as do the majority of modern scientists. Once out of their sphere they seem to be "In wandering mazes lost." Prof. Lowes Dickinson of Cambridge but recently went on record to the effect that all young scientists should first undergo a sound training in philosophy and the humanities. If this were done, those physicists who venture out of their specialisms would discover that the outstanding miracle of all time is intellectual synthesis—the unity of a consciousness. Prof. Eddington puts it: "Greater than the question is the questioner."

Prof. Jeans represents the present-day tendency to explain "the Cosmos of an Experience" in the language of experimental science. The attempt has failed. The "terrible crystal" of Ezekiel is the final light. The knowing subject comes first and includes all. Time is nothing but a tick! tick! in consciousness, and space but a relation. Remove mind, and there would be no meaning to anything, because there would be no world to experience and explain.

The plain truth is that the scientific radical by leaving out the transcendental queers the whole pitch. He presents us with a world of jumping electrons, almost as though the passage of mechanical into radiant energy were the final explanation of the Cosmos—the illumination in every nook and cranny of the last continent of thought. And what is presented for our worship? A recorded flash on a sensitive plate. That is precisely all. Electron, proton, photon and now neutron and—"Life's incognizable sea"! What really thrills the imagination is something else, and this something else (save by the poets of science) is being lost sight of. But, once visioned, we find ourselves looking into the very heart of the mystic rose of beauty. It is the march of the electrons, or whatever those comminuted electric particles may be named. Each electron belongs in its own group, possesses the unique qualities peculiar to its gens or clan, and goes forth

on its own Odyssey. And this world the specialist, enamored of thermo-dynamics, who at present holds the stage, leaves out of sight. Here, indeed, is something of more importance than mathematical exactitude. Here is beauty and design. Consider the miraculous world of polyhedral forms. In the world of crystallography the electrons and protons form and reform to effect, in the case of staurolite, a lovely double-twinned cross. From everlasting to everlasting separate families of molecules preserve peculiar *transcendental* qualities. SiO_2 invariably crystallizes out as quartz. No matter how the crystals, thus miraculously formed, may be crushed or aborted, the corresponding interfacial angles remain constant in value. When we pass into the world of cellular tissue the miracle but increases. Form, color, perfume, faculty, function, each and all, depend on a something which can only be described as transcendental. From the linear earth-worm of the Cambrian ooze up to the cortex of the brain of genius, myriads upon myriads of mysterious particles, each possessed of its own transcendental quality, spin the endless woof and warp of life. The attempt of the bio-chemist with his "culture farms" to create life seems puerile when compared with the amazing complex created by these delicate agents. Prof. Jeans leaves out the *qualitative* character of the electrons. His speculations on religion and his prophecies as to the final fate of the universe are vitiated by this grave omission. It is the almost entire absence of the capacity for metaphysics in the typical Englishman which is probably the cause of the Scotchman's feeling of superiority.

There remain, on the purely mathematical and dynamical sides, two other aspects of this problem of the atom—the behavior of the molecules under condition of intense cold, and under terrific pressures. With the neutron we may have come to the end of heat. Prof. Compton is on record as believing that the inner nature of the atom will always elude. But no matter what may be discovered at or near absolute zero or by the new science of Reiology the human problem remains unaffected.

The scientist works from the solid basis of observed facts,

and, having drawn his inference, his toil is at an end. The mystic begins with himself. He knows that his reactions to life are unique, and only to be described as personal and spiritual. The white light of the Absolute is broken on the prism of his personality into colors that never were on land or sea. As he travels ever farther and farther into the world of Conscious Experience a deepening sense of wonder and awe takes possession of him. He becomes immediately aware of a mystical and transcendent world into which experimental science cannot enter; where it becomes, at its best, but "a door-keeper in the house of the Lord." He sees science, not from the standpoint of its achieved results, but as having its origin in conscious, self-determining spirits. For him the spiritual act of thought (synthesis) is both Alpha and Omega. Each discovered fact has value only in the degree in which the person is affected by it or reacts to it. Apart from personality it possesses no value whatsoever. It is the person who discovers facts, explicates their purpose and meaning, places each in its evolutionary order, and, by doing all this, reveals the soul as the source of all knowledge. For him each fresh accretion to what is called "culture" can have no meaning apart from a being who can absorb and transmute into a new set of values the results arrived at by the daysmen of science. He feels that, in a universe in a constant state of flux, the unity of a consciousness is a sheet-anchor which can never drag. And in consequence of this, and flowing from it, the conception of a Space-time universe curved backward upon itself has no terrors for him, since he is confident that he transcends both time and space, these being of purely mental origin. He accepts the world of science in its entirety, but passes beyond it into a region where law becomes conscience; feeling, love and knowledge are of "the things of the spirit." To the mystic self-consciousness (the power to distinguish ourselves from the objects we know and the ends we choose) is the final resolution of what the scientist calls "Cosmic Energy"; and it is implicit in every so-called "fact." Its full explicitness in enfranchised persons will be the Kingdom of God made Manifest.

The mystic, then, at a point, leaves the controversies of science and fares forth into a world of spiritual values where persons, as persons, alone count. He knows that he is derivative and that all knowledge is relative knowledge; but, just because he is derivative and precisely because human knowledge is relative, he seeks the nexus or bond which binds him, in an indissoluble relationship, to the underived and the absolute. He finds this in complete surrender to a will higher than his own. His knowledge is true so far as it goes; his experience is of a real world; his freedom marches in ordered steps with increasing enlightenment; but basically the man of faith rests in the belief that the noblest instincts of his soul, if followed in a mood of joyful surrender, will bring him an answer to all his private problems and "Justify the ways of God to man." This dependence on "the other larger self" is characteristic of all mystics. It is for all such "the Way."

The religious fanatic or zealot who may not possess a shred of mysticism is not to be confounded with this shy and tender brooder on the deeper things of the spirit. Those are the Alexanders and Caesars of theology, of the type of Ignatius Loyola, who, by the use of carnal weapons, would reproduce in the realm of the spiritual the splendors of imperial Rome. He dare not go as far as Thomas Huxley who, in his reply to Frederic Harrison, the protagonist in his day of positivism (the modern humanism), said that, "he would as soon worship a wilderness of apes as worship humanity," yet, as a rule, he shrinks from humanity in the rough; from statistics of population, ethnic differences, atavisms, etc. He interprets life in terms of its highest factors, and sees even in degradation that immortal seed of fire which at the long-last caused the prodigal to exclaim "I will arise." From a sprawling and disjointed world he slips through a little postern into a fairer country, where, in Emerson's phrase, "the ideal is the real." The barrage of the statisticians leaves his spiritual ramparts intact. He passes out of the land of "Is" into the land of "Ought." Having reached, as the final result of all his brooding, the conclusion that there is a divine will back of all he is content to leave the working out of the plan to

Almighty power and love. That settled, he turns from mobs to the private soul; not in the spirit of Horace (because enamored of youth and loveliness), but rather because he realizes that in his own case, and, hence by inference, in the case of others, the problem of adjustment to the divine will is one that must be settled between the individual soul and God. So Emerson believed when he took his dramatic plunge into the sea of being in the opening sentence of his greatest meditation, "Ineffable is the union between man and God. The simplest man who, in his integrity, worships God becomes God." And just because the mystic starts on his *Wanderjahre* with this central unity, with synthesis as the ground and condition of there being a world for us at all or a God to adore, he passes serenely from the world of the phenomenal knowledge into that world of spiritual effort and toil where, urged forward by life in its highest creative form, the struggle is not to add to the mountain of so-called facts but to achieve adjustment to a perfect will. He rejoices in all that science has discovered, but that world is not his dwelling (save as a traveller overnight in an inn). It is, in Whitman's phrase, "But the entrance to the dwelling." Always the mystic is interested in persons rather than in things; in spiritual values rather than in iron laws, in visions of a fairer order rather than in the ephemeral triumphs of parties or the kaleidoscopic changes of theories. He believes that, when the sudden realization comes to the private soul that there is a higher spiritual order into which he may enter through an effort of the spiritual will, "old things pass away and all things are made new." His wish now is to become one with the thing he loves. Suddenly the seemingly so solid world becomes but a symbol of the unseen and eternal. According to his upbringing and his inherited temperament will be his prefiguration of the *Civitas Dei.* Many have so tried in different ages. Beauty and fantasy characterize all their efforts. St. Augustine's "star-crowned city of God"; Dante with his spirals of light; Milton with his lofty manicheism; the grim Calvinist with his Heaven clean and austere, from which all sensual charm has vanished; the Methodist's unending love-feast; the salvationist with his

ecstatic assurance of safety and peace for all time; Santa Theresa of Avila in her little canticles to Christ the beloved; sweet George Herbert of Bemerton, Madame Guyon, Thomas à Kempis—the list is endless, but will be added to so long as our "old men see visions and our young men dream dreams." What is apparent to the true mystic, or man of faith, is that all these raptures touching what may be in store for a being who can "look before and after and sigh for what is not" are but so many trellises up which the soul, imprisoned in its tabernacle of clay, climbs to light and air. Without this capacity for mystical vision the race would perish.

There is a peculiar immortality which attaches to the mystic. The world will not let his name perish. Deep down in the soul of man, too deep ever to be excised, there is a profound reverence, indeed a tender love, for these Don Quixotes of the spirit. Idealism without a breakfast may be absurd; but materialism without a soul is tragic, nay ghastly. The mystic is humanity's eternal protest against any interpretation of life which befouls and disfigures. Those who would subordinate men and women to theories of government or business find themselves met in the gate with this delicately moulded Knight of the Holy Spirit, and the sword he wields is Excalibur. For the true mystic sees each person as possessed of all the potentialities of a divine life. And so he goes forth interpreting life in terms of its highest factors, and those who bear him company, when the inevitable cloud receives him out of their sight, say to one another, not without wonder and awe, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

Many really great statesmen have passed into that obscurity which we name history; many poets enamored of beauty and its true priests, lie embalmed in the pages of an anthology of verse; scientists, save those linked to the discovery of laws, find their memorial in lists that now are swollen to mammoth proportions; millionaires and billionaires are huddled along into that obscurity from which the most of them ought never to have emerged; but the mystic never is forgotten. A halo surrounds his brow. He seems to have

reached that haven where we all fain would be. His is an immediate awareness of the abiding reality. He gazes with a child's wonder at stars which burn only in the spirit sky. The Titans who battle on the plane of the phenomenal and who make great gain excite neither his envy nor his contempt. In these also is the Kingdom, though in inchoate form. And is not each life an Odyssey?

At root the mystic is the only true radical. He is the development out of ratiocination; its highest form. In the end, the classical radical must follow the mystic and end a mystic. Push any branch of human enquiry to its final end and we find ourselves face to face with the Absolute. At that moment when prophecies are done away with and tongues cease and knowledge vanishes, the mystic abandons his soul to the tides of infinite being—the last warm wave of the heart breaking forever on the shores of the infinite Ocean of Desire.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath unto The Meadville Theological School, located at Woodlawn Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, in the City of Chicago, Illinois, the sum of———————— Dollars.